## Eleventh of the Series of Sunday Times Stories BEATRICE FAIRFAX

world. One thousand dollars for you

With increasing cleverness Sverdrup

## if you will help me get it." The Curious Adventure urged, with increasing cupidity Boyd wavered, and by the time Jane Hamof the Hamlin House wavered, and by the time Jane Hamlin returned, victory was perching on the standards of the anarchists. And what resulted from the meeting of Bethune Sverdrup and Clayton Boyd is the ghastly story of violence and studen death I have to relate. When I reached the Hamlin home Jane welcomed me with an enthusiasm which made me very happy that I was doing work, which brought me such direct results. Jane and I sat and had one of those

FBW years ago the Sverdrup Band terrorised the East. Of a sudden. Its activities coased what became of it?

story will tell you. Almost a dozer of us know, but in fairness to one, the But Jimmy says: "Tell it now."

It began when this letter came to me Dear Mine Kairfax: I am betwint love and duty. Please come and tell me

what to do. Distractedly yours, Jane Hamlin, No. 250 Madison avenue. I tossed the letter aside and continod reading my mail. But something forced me to return to Jane Hamlin's letter it is the something, I suppose, which makes it possible for me to un-

setter—it is the something. I suppose, which makes it possible for me to understand and help all the troubled people who apply to me for aid.

So I returned to Jane Hamlin's letter with the feeling that it, above all others, needed immediate attention.

I determined to go at once and then I remembered that I had promised to lusch with Jimmy Barton. So I sent him a little note saying:

"Dear Jimmy: Cant's lunch with you today. I am calling on a girl' at No. 259 Madison avenue. Hastly, Reatrice."

A newspaper woman purpose and fate disposes. Editors stopped me for discussions, telephone calls delayed me, and it was fully an hour after the time I had set as a point of departure that I really started on my journey.

When I arrived at the house I found Jimmy sitting on the steps in a nonchabiant pose, with his cigarette drooping from the corner of his lips. A newspaper man, returning from an all-night easignment, is likely to co-duct himself very much like "the midnight son" of the old song. Jimmy was reclining on the docratep. He was the one cherful note about the place.

No. 250 Madison avenue was a grim, red-brick city house of the conventional nattern one finds in certain districts of all the old Eastern cities.

Jame Is in Mourning.

Jane Is in Mourning.

Jane Hamlin was an exquisitely heautiful girl. Her face rose with flower-like loveliness from crepe banded habiliments of wos which realled after her as she came toward

which only a man can give—and whatever help you need, my dear, you must let us give you—will you?"
"No one can help me," cried the girl, in wild excitement—"No one."
"You don't really feel that. If you did, you would never have sent for me. Perhaps your mind feels that there is no help for you—but you heart, must tell you that you have found a friend—trust your heart, won't you, Miss Hamlin?"

The girl ceased her queer undulating pacing up and down the room and tried to focus her wandering eyes on me. I took her hand again—it was so damp and cool and helpless—the hand of a woman who has not the standard with which to face any crists.

I could feel the girl's effort to com-

crisis.

I could feel the girl's effort to compose herself. She struggled for poise and self-pussession. Some of her struggle communicated liself to us. Whys Jame Hamlis talked I felt myself entering listo, her life—living through her emoflons, seeing as she saw and feeling at she felt. I seemed, for the time being to become part of Jane Hamlin and to live her life.

Cyrus Hamlin's Letter.

"Mies Fairfax," she began, "my father was Cyrus Hamlin, the inventnight when I was going over his effects I came across a letter thich seems to have been foredoomed to bring misery into my life. Here he able to explain my story more

I read the letter, and one sentence stood out of it. Miss Hamlin mad mark-ed it with red ink, but it seared itself read it. some premonition told me hat I had embarked upon the strangest dventure of all my career.

This is how the sentence rend: "Open the safe and drop its contents into the ocean. Let nobody see it and do not press the third button, for death and destruction will follow in its wake. "If only I had been able to obey him at once!" signed Jane Hamila drearily, the safe and drop, its contents into the sail back of a screen which was folded away from it.

wall back of a screen which was folded way from it.

'Inside that sare. Miss Fairfax, there is an infernal machine loaded with the most deadly poison gas. I know that to fouch that fatal third button would blow handcods of people into eternity. I they were anywhere within the radius of that invention of my father's. I know and I know my father longed to keep his secret, but now I am beginning to wonder if I must tell the man I love is order to protect him from some danger. I guess at but do not understand."

Jimmy walked over to the safe and stood looking at it respectfully.

Jimmy walked over to the safe and stood looking at it respectfully. "Poison gas? Miss Hamlin, I think there are a few countries in Europe where knowledge of that little invention would be vary welcome."

"I'm afraid there are people in America who want to know about it, too," signed the girl. "But that ign't the worst of it. I think my father is trying to send me back a message from the other world. There is work for that infernal machine to do—and, sh, Miss Fairfax, I can't find out what part I am to play in that work!" part I am to play in that work!"

"Tell me your story—and I will try to
help you." I said.

help you.' I said.

But Jane Hamlin's story was so strange and so puzzling that I wonder. atrange and so puzzling that I wondered if any human being could help her.
"If only I had thrown that infernal
machine into the ocean vestoring evening, sighed Jane Hamilin again. "Befope I could decide on a course of action
some one came, however. It was my
fance Clayton Boyd.

"I had closed the safe, but the screen

Clayton didn't want me to have any se-crets from him. I showed him father's letter, but I couldn't open the safe and let him see the machine. I felt that would be against the wishes of my dead father.

would be against the wishes of my dead father.

"I meant to do the right thing. But it angered Clayton. I think now that he changed toward me then and there. He has been different ever since.

"We sat down together to discuss the plans for our marriage. Clayton thought I needed a protector and that we ought to be married very quietly in a few weeks.

"I was forgetting our disagreement. Sitting there in the moonlight I was almost happy again, and then suddenly we heard the queer, sneaking sound of a man creeping along outside the open window. It was dark in the room. We could not be seen. Clayton forced me to hide with him behind the couch.

"A Thief in the Night."

"A Thief in the Night."

"I was horribly frightened, but I was so proud that he was brave. A great, powerful-looking creature sneaked in, and crept at once over to the safe. He fell on his knees and seemed to be listening for the combination.

"Even then I knew that horrible in-fernal machine which my father had ordered me to destroy was likely to destroy me because I had failed to carry

dered me to destroy was likely to destroy me because I had falled to carry out his command. Oh, Miss Fairfax, if you can't help me, I don't know what's to become of me—I'm so afraid, so horribly afraid."

So Jane Hamlin went on and told us how bravely her lover had crept out of hiding, seized the gun which the intrduer had laid down when he attempted to open the safe, and with it had captured the burglar. Then the girl had switched on the lights and, following her lover's orders, had hurried to the telephone to call the police. That had taken a painfully long time, for first Central and then the police station had been very lessurely about replying to her excited efforts to reach them.

When finally she returned from summoning an officer, she had a quick glimpse of Boyd struggling in the arms of his powerful ex-captive, who had now turned captor and flung the young lover to the floor. Then he himself escaped through the window, and when the policeman arrived there was nothing for him to do but ask a few questions and take his departure.

"Was Mr. Boyd badly hurt?" asked

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parture.

Was Mr. Boyd badly hurt?" asked Jimmy. The effect she produced was almost uncanny. She seemed to gilde rather than to walk, and as she moved across the floor toward us I noticed that her head jerked back over one shoulder in a manner that was almost furtive.

When the girl came toward me and give me a nerveless hand, there was pain and horror in the treubled case which she lifted to meet mine. The girl who wrote me had been distracted by her vacillations between love and duty. That was a big problem, to be faced actively. This girl was a terror-stricken creature who wished to shift the burden of her pain. What caused the change?

"I am Beatrice Fairfax," said I. "I came at once in answer to your letter, and Mr. Barton came with me hecause sometimes girls need help which only a man can give—and whatever help you need, my dear, you must let us give you—will you?"

"No—there's more, though I'm not at all sure it has anything to do with what I've told you. That night I was visited by my father's spoirt! You don't think I'm insane, do you? Really, I saw it—I saw my father's ghost.

"Long after I had fallen into troubled sleep I awoke suddenly. thought I heard a strange sound, and at once I remembered the man who had tried to break into that safe of poisoned gas. Perhaps he had come Strangely enough, I wasn't at all afraid

"I lit a candle and hurried down to the library. There, standing in front of the safe, where I had put the screen again before going to bed, was a figure—a long, indistinct figure in trailing white robes and with a face whiter than

-a long, indistinct figure in trailing white robes and with a face whiter than anything I have ever seen before.

'It was my father—my father, I tell you! He stepped out of the shadow and held out his arms to me. I loved my father, but I had a sudden horror of him. I dropped my candle, and the only light in the room was the silver of the moonlight. He looked more ghastly than ever, and then in a voice that was so cold and strange it chilled me, he whispered: 'Give my secret to the man you love.'

"I dare not fail the father I love. And yet his letter told me to destroy the infernal machine. How sim I to know which is his wish? How am I to know which is his wish? How am I to know what I owe the dead and what I must do for the living?"

Jimmy and I looked at each other in amazement. That there were desperate forces at work we both knew. That they wished to impel the girl before us to some course of action which would fil into their own evil purposes we knew too. But why? What were their plans? The first step toward helpfuness was to calm the excited girl before me, and so even while I assured her that I felt it had all been a dream. I offered to spenu the night, with her.

The Empty House.

The Empty House.

Jimmy did a queer thing when we got out on the block onto Madison avenue. He walked up the block as if he were searching for something. Present'y we came to an empty house. He stood in front of it, looking back and counting the houses between it and Jane Hamlin's House of Terror. Then he turned to me, smiling complacently-the simmy

And then, "Maybe she did see ghost," said James Barton.

ghost." said James Barton.

One of the things a newspaper woman learns quite early in the game is not to attempt to interview any of her fellow craftsmen.

When Jimmy put me into a taxi, non-chalantly remarking that he "wanted to give the neighborhood the once over a fa' Tad." I stayed not "to reason why." but returned to my work.

What Jimmy did after I left him had a grave bearing on the affairs of the house of Hamilin—and the mystery of the disappearance of Bethune Sverdrup's band of anarchists.

After he had disposed of me he studied the block of huddling red houses—until he discovered an empty one.

"Aha! Watson—I have it," said he. And then he crept down to the basement entrance under the steps of that vacant house, which lay just a few doors away from Jane Hamilin's gloomy home.

Jimmy discovered that the basement door to which he had so silly evernt was

Jimmy discovered that the basement door to which he had so silly crept was locked. He decided to turn amateur burgiar. And with a knife blade as his sole tool he managed to force the lock. Presently be found himself in a damp,

gloomy cement room smelling of dust and decay.

There was nothing here which justi-fied his suspicions. But up in the kitchen of the empty house he thought he might find a little more encourage-

ment than the gloomy cellar had given him. He crossed over to the stairway and began to mount. Then something arrested his attention.

The Ghost's Costume.

In a far corner of the room lay a folded sheet. It seemed to be huddling away from him as if hoping to defy detection. Jimmy examined it carefully. It told the story he wanted to have justified. Much to the amazement of his housekeeper, he dined at home that night. Afterwards he had a little interview with her, as a result of which he came into possession of a 'arge, clean sheet!

All day long he had been annoyed by a link in his chain of evidence for which he could find no use, but which persisted in remaining welded into the chain. It was his memory of the incidents of that morning.

A few weeks before Jimnuv had feit

doing work, which brought me such direct results.

Jane and I sat and had one of those heart to heart girl talks that run into midnight confidences. She revealed herself to me as one of those sweet, loving learn to heart girl talks that run into midnight confidences. She revealed herself to me are one of those sweet, loving learn to heart girl talks that run into midnight confidences. She revealed herself to me are one of those sweet, loving learn to heart girl talks that run into midnight confidences. She revealed herself to me are one of those sweet, loving learn to heart girl talks that run into midnight confidences. She revealed herself to me are one of those sweet, loving learn to heart girl talks that run into midnight confidences. She revealed herself to heart girl talks that run into midnight confidences. She revealed herself to me are one of those sweet, loving heart to heart girl talks that run into midnight confidences. She revealed herself to me are one of those sweet, loving heart to heart girl talks that run into midninght confidences. She revealed herself to me are one of those sweet, loving heart to heart girl talks that run into midninght confidences. She revealed herself to me are one of those sweet, loving heart to heart

## NEW WORK FOR HUMANITY

Dear Readers of The Washington Times:

At the suggestion of a wise man I have begun a new kind of work. For years I have written "Advice to the Lovelorn' for the newspapers. I have answered questions of men and

women concerning the affairs of their hearts.

Now I am going to do something more exciting than that.

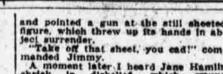
With the help of Miss Grace Darling I am going to take some of the most important episodes that come to me through the letters from the millions of readers of "Advice to the Love-lorn," make stories of them for The Washington Times, and Miss Darling and Basil Dickey will turn them into scenarios for motion pictures.

They will be produced as stories in The Times every Sun-day, and during the week following the motion pictures will show the acting of the story.

It is so exciting to think of having your thoughts changed into actual moving human beings appearing before the public on the screen.

In my work in collaboration with Miss Darling in the motion pictures I shall try to give good advice, working as always with my one great motto, "Love makes the world go round."

BEATRICE PAIRPAX.



and pointed a gun at the still sheeted figure, which threw up its hands in abject surrender.

Manded Jimmy.

A moment later I heard Jame Hamilin shriek in disbelleft, which swung to wild unhappiness. "Clayten! Clayton — how could your".

Before the trembling youth captive to Jimmy's bow and arrow, could ofter any blundering explanation, another when Jimmy has come on action in who was guarding the soutte down which the shoetly figure which he was now facing had vanished he had grappied with him promptly and choked him into unconsciousness. He had no was now facing had vanished he had grappied with him promptly and choked him into unconsciousness. He had no was now facing had vanished he had grappied with him promptly and choked him into unconsciousness. He had no was now facing had vanished he had grappied with him promptly and choked him into unconsciousness. He had no was now facing had vanished he had grappied with him promptly and choked him into unconsciousness. He had no was now facing had vanished he had grappied with him promptly and choked him into unconsciousness. He had no was been the first of the constitution of the promptle of the house of a uncanny genius for avolding publicity. Photographs of hie victims had decorated the front pages of newspapers from the North Cape to Johannesburg. But Bethune Sverdrup was a boges man with whose face no one in the And so Jimmy held the life of Sverdrup had a magnificent constitution and a few moments after his and the particular moment when Jame had not to the vaning night air, and then—none the worse for his adventure—he crept down any other lives.

Sverdrup had a magnificent constitution and a few moments after his other prompts had been the process of the process

Jane Faints.

Jane Hamlin chose that moment to chine, held it a moment as if in admiration. It was entirely excusable, tion and then handed it over to the desperate, animal-like creatures before

it. Come on, girls:"

I smiled to myself at Jimmy's gallant attempt to cheer the overwrought girl, who must not be left to bear her ewn thoughts during the long watches of the night. I knew that for the sake of her sanity we must keep Jane Hamlin occupied.

night. I knew that for the sake of her sanity we must keep Jane Hamlin occupied.

But I did not guess with what tremendous adventure we were going to keep her occupied!

Down through the corridors of her gloomy old mansion Jane Hamlin led us. I marveled at the self-control with which she endured her awakening to the catiber of Clayton Boyd's affection. When we reached the library where Jane told us her undesirable treasure was kept I fancied that I saw the figures of two skulking men outlined in the window. But I dismissed my idea a moment later.

It seemed very likely that I was hysterical from the adventure of the evening, and I did not want to make Jane's burden heavier by communicating my terrors to her. At all events, when Jane switched on the lights there was no one to be seen.

The room had an altogether different appearance from the semblance of cheer it had worn earlier in the evening. It seemed to be lying in wait for something.

Jane burried over to the heavy screen

ing. It seemed to be lying something.

Jane hurried over to the heavy screen which was set in front of the safe, and with Jimmy's assistance, she pulled it to one side.

Inside the steel well was a little box-like machine resembling the portable typewriters one sees advertised as

well.

The Fatal Third Button.

The inventor's daughter leaned over the grim little black box and pointed out the various parts of its mechanism to us. At lest she said, with a certain grim enjoyment and pride in her father's inventive genius, "If I should press that third button it would set the clock work in motion—and in exactly one half hour from the time when I touched it the poisoned gas would explode and everything within a radius of one hundred feet would be blown into atoms."

"Tou have your figures down pretty pat," said Jimmy, "Just haif an hour for it to get in its deadly work?"

"Exactly thirty minutes," repeated the girl.

"And it carries everything within a

"Exactly thirty minutes," repeated the girl.

"And it carries everything within a hundred fact of taelf to kingdom come?" asked Jimmy carelessly.

But more than life itself depended on those careless questions.

"Yes, father had it all calculated out to seconds of time and inches of space. An invention like that is too terrible a menace unless you can control it to the extent of knowing exactly how it's going it act when you set it going." said the girl.

The Anarchists Enter.

Even while she was speaking, three buffy men entered the window. They crept upon us so quietly that we had no warning of their approach. But before they could overpower us, Jimmy leaped

no one paid any attention to me.

(The twelfth episode will be published in The Times next Sunday.)

## Ringworm— **Scalp Sores**

If you want speedy help try the D. D. D. Prescription. So easy to apply, not greasy or messy. It washes into the scalp and the relief is instant.

Or if you are bothered with excessive dandruff—the kind that causes almost unbearable itching in your scalp—come in and we will tell you something about what, this prescription, made in the D. D. Laboratories of Chicago, has accomplished in your own neighborhood.

Three sizes, 26c, 50c and 1.00, and your money back if the very first bottle does not relieve your case. Try a bottle today and you will not regret it.

D. D. D. for 16 Years Skin Remedy



BEATRICE PUSHED OPEN THE DOOR AND ENTERED -

prosperous enough to take on a manservant. That soft-footed, deft-handed. ting the little place in order when Jimmy had returned, burdened by the accumulated Weariness of an all-night as-

He had been so exhausted that the only things in all the world he cared to contemplate were a nerve-resting warm bath and a bed. The fact that it warm bath and a bed. The fact that it was 10:30 a. m. had quite escaped his consciousness. He wanted to sleep. Sleep was the only thing that mattered. But his obsequious servant insisted that Mr. Barton examine a few bills and other annoying documents—including my note. Mr. Barton read that—and since it canceled the necessity of being up in time to lunch with me, he went to sleep with a clear conscience.

Suddenly he awoke and discovered his servant removing that little note of mine from the pocket where Jimmy had placed it. The man read it, started nervously and crossed to the telephone. What Jimmy may have heard did not seem at all important then. But later he knew that it was very definitely a link in a chain of evidence which he must forge.

And so Jimmy met me at lave Have.

must forge.

And so Jimmy met me at Jane Hamlin's house, as I have recorded, heard of her lover's sudden deep interest in the infernal machine.

In the meantime, the men to whom Jimmy's servant had telephoned were setting about their business in life

after the manner of their calling. They represented the most powerful band of anarchists ever known to New York or our country. To them had come word through the various underground channels they kept ever in motion of the wonderful invention of Cyrus Hamlin and of his deathbed decision that it was too dangerous to give the world, but that it must be destroyed by the daughter, who was his sole heir.

Sverdrup's Plan.

They had summoned to their council Bethune Sverdrup, their most daring, unscrupulous and brilliant member-the man by whose name the police of at least three countries called this band. He attempted by the simple means of breaking in and entering to put himself in possession of the infernal machine How Clayton Boyd captured him we already know-but what passed between him and Clayton Boyd while Jane Hamlin was trying to reach the police is

When Syerdrup, was left under Boyd's guardianship he brought all his clever-ness to bear on the task of persuading Boyd to let him go. Up to a certain point he falled and then Boyd's curiosity became so overpowering that he could do nothing but ask his captive for information as to what was hidden in the safe. Sverdrup knew then the victory was in sight. He smiled to himself as he answered: "The only perfect infernal machine in all the

almost-unbelievable.

And also, whatever happens, don't shoot any ghosts. I'll be there." At midnight I was ushered into my bed room. I took the precaution of leaving my door ajar. I meant to stay awake and listen-but I fell asleep. Then suddenly something woke me-it was not sound.

a strange, feeling, unlike, any-It was a strange feeling, unlike anything I have ever known before—the sure consciousness of an alien presence. I leaped to my feet, wrapped my kimono about me, and seized the revolver I had hidden under my pillow. My door was partly ajar. I hurried to the opening which I had left in order that Jane Hamlin might feel companioned and protected, and looked over into her room.

The first thing that met my eyes was Jane Hamlin sitting up in bed with her id-rified gaze fixed in horror on some-thing I could not yet see. I needed nothing more to tell me what must be neeting her eyes.
In the meantime, where was Jimmy? the had promised to be on hand if we had any ghostly visitors! The ghosts had arrived on schedule time, but Mr. Barton was falling us.

A sheet, a revolver, and a queer little

hox of make-up accompanied him when he started on his trayels after telephoning me not to shoot any ghoat that night! At the sbeginning of his journey, he stopped and had a little inter-

night: At the segmining of his journey, he stopped and had a little interview with one of the various police sergeants, who were his friends.

Then he returned to the empty house which he had previously that morning visited, and sat waiting.

After a time his patience was rewarded. Two men came into the hallway where he was croaching and vanished somewhere in the upper reaches of the house.

Jimmy watched with a grin on his face which was a little more cynical than friendly this time. Before long one of the men he had seen enlicing the house appeared again in a costume quite different from the immaculately tailored suit which he had worn a little while before.

It consisted of an claborately draped It consisted of an elaborately draped

It consisted of an elaborately draped sheet atreaked with some phosphorescent stuff and a face painted gleaming white and further decorated by white whiskers. Jimmy followed the ghost, who was stumbling along in his sheet and cursing it in a voice for more emphatic than sepulchral.

The quarry he was stalking climbed to the top of the house, acompanied by the second man, who still wore ordinary citizen's attire. Then the "ghost" mounted through a scuttle which the other man lifted for him, and disappeared somewhere out on the uncharted reaches of the uniform roofs.

The other man turned with an ugly cauckle. And he found Jimmy Barton waiting for him. Mr. Parton saw his duty—and did it. The ghost's assistant was choked into insensibility—and a few moments later a second ghost disappeared slong the path the first had taken. And the second ghost was the first ghost's double!

When I sensed an allen presence in the house, I was quite unaffaid. I have

Jane Hamiln chose that moment to faint. It was entirely excusable the probably it gave her a good dash tore relief than any consolation I might have offered her would have made the probably it gave her a good dash tore relief than any consolation I might have offered her would have might have offered her would have might have offered her with it wo sune-since mine had come to real to her.

Jimmy was busy timthe hit captive of the sense of a startily unable week to pull the sense of the supernatival. And then the sense of the fact in his tore to the supernatival and everything to do with the supernatival and everything to do yet the supernatival and everything to the supern

Jimmy had said he would be therebut he had failed us. The ghost took a wavering step toward me, and then I became awarf of a startling state of affairs; there were two ghosts at Jane Hamlin's bedside.

When Jane Hamlin awoke from the sleep which her faith in me had made comparatively easy and placid, it was to see standing at her bedside, a sheeted white figure which she knew at once to resemble nothing so much in all the world as her dead father.

And then in a voice which sounded as if it might be death become articulate, the ghost said: "Give my invention to the man you love."

And while her brain was still whirling with uncertainty and the ghostly figure before her was, turning with stately majesty and walking to the door of the room, as if grimly determined to leave her to her vacillating unhappiness, the door opened and in stalked another ghost.

An Energetic Ghost.

An Energetic Ghost.

And now-though Jane Hamlin was far too frightened to see it-tragedy was become comedy. The two sheeted white figures confronted each other and the first, so stately and dignified but a moment before, shrank back in abject terror. The second ghost stepped over to the switch which controlled the electric lights and flooded the room with llumination: Then it dropped its sheet and out Then it dropped its sheet and out of the ghostly make-believe stepped Jimmy Barton, as cheerful and unruffled as if masquerading as a ghost were part of his day's work.

The Jimmy grin vanished and in its stead there came a look of that determination which does not parley with evil-doers. He advanced unwaveringly